

S E R M O N

BEFORE THE

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Co.,

ON ITS

CCXXVII ANNIVERSARY,

JUNE 5, 1865.

BY REV. GEORGE M. RANDALL, D. D.,

RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, BOSTON.

BOSTON:

WRIGHT & POTTER, PRINTERS, No. 4 SPRING LANE.

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OFFICERS FOR 1864-5.

BY ELECTION.
Captain.
CAPTAIN JAMES A. FOX.

First Lieutenant.
CAPTAIN WILLIAM T. GRAMMAR.

Second Lieutenant.
SERGEANT EDWIN ADAMS.

Adjutant.
LIEUTENANT WILLIAM T. EUSTIS, 3d.

Sergeants.
SERGEANT ROBERT P. YEATON.
CAPTAIN MELZAR DUNBAR.
GEORGE P. MAY, Esq.
CORPORAL H. K. W. HIBBARD.
T. S. LELAND, Esq.
WILLIAM P. JONES, Esq.

Treasurer and Paymaster.
CAPTAIN JOHN G. ROBERTS.

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843 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, June 17, 1865.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—By a unanimous vote of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the commissioned officers of the past year were directed to tender you the thanks of the Company, for the very eloquent and instructive Sermon, delivered by you on the occasion of their Two Hundred and Twenty-Seventh Anniversary, and to request a copy of it for publication.

Acting as the organ of my late associate officers, it gives me extreme pleasure to communicate the above vote. I desire, also, personally to thank you for your interesting and appropriate Discourse, which gave so much pleasure to all, and contributed so materially to the success of the day.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAMES A. FOX,

Late Commander Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

Rev. GEORGE M. RANDALL, D. D.

Boston, June 21, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR,—In compliance with your request, I herewith place at your disposal the Discourse delivered before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, on the 5th inst.

Thanking you for the very kind terms in which you have been pleased to communicate the request of the Company, and with the hope that the publication of this Sermon may aid in promoting right views of God's dealing with men and nations, in times of war and peace, and in making more distinct the indications of the Divine Hand in our late national trial and glorious deliverance,

I am, with high regard, yours sincerely,

GEO. M. RANDALL.

CAPT. JAMES A. FOX,
Late Commander An. and Hon. Art. Co., Boston.

S E R M O N .

"THE LORD IS A MAN OF WAR."—Exodus xv. 3.

"THE PRINCE OF PEACE."—Isaiah ix. 6.

THIS inspired language is affirmed of "the mighty God, the everlasting Father." These opposite epithets are indeed paradoxical, but not contradictory. They indicate the practical relation of Jehovah to a world, which is to be disciplined by His Providence and to be saved by His Grace.

It pleased the Almighty by the gift of His Spirit, to qualify men for the work of describing Himself: His character, attributes and offices. Under the guidance of this Ghostly Inspiration, they employed figurative expressions accommodated to the capacities of the human mind. Thus He is called a Father—a King—a Judge—a Friend. No intelligent mind can fail to comprehend the meaning of these terms, when applied to the Supreme Being. In the light of such a revelation every man may see how he himself stands related to the Infinite. In this light, he learns the

corresponding duties which devolve upon him, and the consequent privileges which belong to him, as thus related to the great God.

In the text, Jehovah is spoken of as "*a man of war*," and as "*The Prince of Peace*;" both of which He is in His disciplinary and saving dispensations for the reformation and salvation of mankind. He thus revealed Himself to Israel, who were both His nation and His church, whom He led, fed and saved. While yet a young and feeble folk, they were in bondage to an old, proud, and oppressive power. He undertook their cause for them. He stretched out His hand and broke their bondage. Obedient to His word, they asserted their manhood, threw off their servitude, and marched out of the enemy's land, and He turned for them an arm of the sea into a highway of liberty. God met their pursuers in the way,—overthrew them in the sea, and sent their hosts to hades. The enemies of Israel were His enemies; as such, He met them, fought them, and destroyed them. Israel were His, and He did for them, in the overthrow of the Egyptians, just what they, as men, would have done for themselves, had they possessed the wisdom and the power. He had both in infinite measure, and used them both, for

the deliverance of the children of Israel and for the destruction of the armies of Pharaoh.

In the devout celebration of this victory, Moses wrote and Israel sang that sublime song, which stands unrivalled among the inspired and the uninspired pæans of the ages.

"I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation: He is my God, and I will prepare Him an habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt Him. The Lord is a man of war: the Lord is His name. Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath He cast into the sea."

... "The depths have covered them: they sank into the bottom as a stone. Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power: Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy. And in the greatness of thine excellency thou hast overthrown them that rose up against Thee: Thou sentest forth thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble. And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as a heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea. The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil: my

lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, mine hand shall destroy them. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them: they sank as lead in the mighty waters. Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods? Who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? Thou stretchedst out thy right hand, the earth swallowed them. Thou, in thy mercy, hast led forth the people, which thou hast redeemed: Thou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy holy habitation." . . . "The Lord shall reign for ever and ever."

These are the inspired words with which Israel celebrated their first national victory, under God, as their great Captain.

In trial and in triumph, He led them through the wilderness into the Promised Land. Here they were met by nations greater and mightier than they, who disputed their advance and made war upon them. Again God fought for them, and again were their arms victorious. The conquest was complete, and the land of Palestine became the land of Israel.

But this chosen people were not always loyal, though God was their King. They rebelled, and He, as "a man of war," suffered them to be

defeated by the forces of Babylon, and to be carried thither as captives. In his own time, he brought them back again to their desolate home, and allowed them to restore the temple and rebuild their city.

This elected nation were thus protected and preserved for a purpose. Their punishment and their preservation required such a manifestation of His attributes towards them, and towards those who sought to oppress and destroy them, as made Him, in these defensive and disciplinary dealings, "a man of war."

But the end was ultimately reached. The great purpose of their preservation was accomplished. And then of this nation, who had all along, through the ages, been fighting for its integrity and its independence, came God Incarnate: "*The Prince of Peace*." Jesus was born. "The Redeemer came to Zion." Heaven and earth hailed His advent as the Great Deliverer—the Mighty Pacifier, who was to reconcile a world which was at war with itself and with its Maker. "The Prince of Peace," by whose righteous rule the world was to be regenerated, love was to regain its lost place in the human heart, and peace was to reign without a rival, throughout the earth. Thus

did God, "a man of war," become "The Prince of Peace."

But Earth is not yet reconciled to Heaven. Mankind are still in rebellion against their Maker, and will not have their own Father to reign over them. Satan and sin are yet in the ascendant, and so God in relation to men, made in His own image, is yet "a man of war." As such, He manifests Himself to individuals and to nations, in his restraining, coercing and preventive dealings, in reference to their reformation and ultimate salvation.

So far into the depths of human nature has depravity struck its bitter roots, that human life is filled with the fruits of disorder and violence, and no great blessing is ever reached in the salvation of the race, without somewhere encountering and overcoming a great evil. Blood, treasure, trial, have been, alas! but the too common price of progress.

Mankind are not ready for blessings which God provides, nor content with such as He bestows. Hence, the advance of the world in the direction of a true civilization is very much after the manner of the building of the second temple, whose walls slowly rose by the valiant and patient labors of

men, wielding a sword in one hand and using a trowel with the other, thus symbolizing the work of that God who is "a man of war," and "The Prince of Peace."

The greatest blessings have come to the world out of the greatest conflicts. No sooner did God make His advent in the flesh, as "The Prince of Peace," than "the prince of the power of the air" let loose his legions of darkness upon the newborn King. The bloody hand of Herod hunted the Holy Infant in Bethlehem. Infuriated Jews pursued the man of sorrows through Judea. A motley mob of Israelites and Infidels overtook him in Gethsemane. A traitor of His own household betrayed him with a kiss, and Roman soldiers nailed Him to a cross.

His apostles were first baptized with water and then with blood. The infancy of the church was a perpetual struggle. Emperors sought to strangle the new empire by slaying its saints. Of all this, God was not and could not be an indifferent spectator. Christ crucified was His own Son. The Christian church was that Son's kingdom, into which were to be gathered all the kingdoms of earth for their salvation;—his own appointed instrumentality for civilizing, elevating and saving

the world. It must not, therefore, be destroyed by men in the blindness of their wickedness. The Sovereign of the skies was a ruler upon earth. His chosen nation, who had murdered His own Son, and who, in their fiendish malevolence, rejoiced in His death, as an end of His Gospel, were not to be allowed to escape the reward of their evil doings, and thus become confirmed in their unbelief. God manifested himself to them as "a man of war." That people, of whom "The Prince of Peace" was born, and to whom He was sent with the gift of salvation, were driven out of Jerusalem, to the four winds of heaven; their city was sacked and their temple was destroyed by the hosts of that same heathen nation, whose armed men, at their demand, crucified "the Lord of life." Thus did God vindicate the divinity of His Son, and the truth of His Gospel; thus did He punish His enemies and set forward His own cause, for the world's salvation, as "a man of war."

That church, which Jews and Gentiles sought to destroy, still survives; that truth, which unbelief in every age has attempted to crush, yet lives. The sublime process of reforming and regenerating the world, still goes on. Its history has been one of trial and of triumph. God brings the discipline

of sorrow upon his own people, and lays the rod of His wrath upon the head of His enemies. All this He does, that He may purify them who love Him, and save them who hate Him.

When that Gospel has triumphed in the conversion of all men, and "the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of Christ,"—then there will be but one sceptre, and Jehovah will be no longer to any of His creatures, "a man of war,"—but only and forever, "*The Prince of Peace.*"

But all truth has essentially the same history. The higher and holier the principle, the sharper the conflict provoked by its progress. Neither moral nor physical science has proved an exception. *Socrates* in olden time must drink the deadly hemlock and pay the forfeiture of his life, for the crime of being wiser than his generation. *Galileo*, in more modern times must become a prisoner with the sword of the Inquisition impended by a hair over his head for presuming to teach that the earth moved upon its own axis and around the sun. "This master-spirit of the age,—this high priest of the stars,—this noble old representative of science," who had the misfortune to have a mind far in

advance of the age, in which he lived, could only save his life by ignobly abjuring the truth, which he had himself demonstrated and which all the world were to believe. Such has been the hostility which truth has ever encountered in its work of enlightening and elevating the world. When it is revealed mankind confront it and resist it, and then they submit to it and at last acquiesce in it, and are elevated and strengthened by it; and then they use their new power for a fresh assault upon the next new principle that meets their minds and challenges their homage.

Next to the Christian Religion, Civil Liberty has had the hardest, longest, bloodiest struggle for supremacy. Everywhere and among all, there has been the most violent and the most persistent opposition, to that which the Creator made the birthright of man. In every age mankind have shown themselves strangely unready for their own rights: for their release from the bondage which they inherited from their fathers, and which they seem but too willing to transmit to their children. Every attempt at an advance, worthy of the manhood of man, has met with the sternest opposition, and provoked the dead-

liest conflicts, which have marked the history of the race. No measure for the liberation of the mind, the conscience, the soul or the body, from bonds and burdens has ever yet been secured for any portion of the world, which was not reached through a sea of blood. Every degree of high civilization has been purchased at the price of prolonged suffering. So true is it, that a world, "far gone from original righteousness," will not welcome the truth of God, in whatever form it may come, either for their political enfranchisement, social elevation, or their eternal salvation, until it is compelled to, by the triumph of that truth. Its introduction is commonly a signal for that onset by which men hope to arrest its progress and destroy its power. But the unchangeable God stands by it, for its own sake,—for their sake who resist it,—and for His own sake, that He may be glorified by it. He has decreed, that it shall not only live but shall triumph, and in its triumph, the race shall rise to a new dominion. In this contest He is to a warring world, "a man of war."

It has been said by some writer, that "Blood is the cement, with which every great principle and right has been built up, in the world." So

much do tyranny, superstition, injustice, ignorance and bigotry prevail among men, that nowhere has the cause of constitutional freedom ever gained an existence or maintained its supremacy, without sacrifices which have overwhelmed with sorrow, multitudes who have struggled manfully for the right. History abounds with illustrations of this fact in its bearings upon the progress of mankind in all that relates to their rescue as men, from the tyrannies of men, and their elevation as intelligent beings in the scale of moral and intellectual culture.

To the blood and strife of civil wars and revolutions may be directly traced the birth of blessings, which have come to the world to relieve the oppressed, to elevate the degraded and to advance the great cause of an ennobling civilization.

Says Milton, "When the devil of tyranny hath gone into the body politic, he departs not, but with struggles and foaming and great convulsions. Shall he, therefore, vex it forever, lest in going out, he for a moment tear and rend it?"

The resistance of the Dutch to the Spanish Inquisition on their own soil was the "great

combat between despotism, sacerdotal and regal, and the spirit of rational human liberty. The quarrel was in its nature irreconcilable and eternal, as the warfare between wrong and right. The struggle lasted eighty years, but the prize was worth the contest."

We are to-day, enjoying the glorious fruits of civil and religious liberty, because three hundred years ago the men of Holland did not shrink from the terrible ordeal of a long and bloody conflict to rescue their rights from a spiritual despotism. In their struggle for their own emancipation, they ushered into life a blessing for all mankind. Thus in tracing to their origin the great immunities of our birthright, we shall find them taking their rise in tribulations of contests more or less violent and protracted, in which men resisted the truth of God, until that truth triumphed, and in its triumph lifted its very enemies to a grander grade of civilization. It was in the throes of one of these very struggles that this great Republic was born.

When "the star of empire westward took its course," the spirit of liberty came with it, and made its home in the hearts of the young colonies. Nor was it a barren abode. A few

generations sufficed for a growth, sufficient to enable the people to comprehend the verity, that liberty is the gift of God to man; and in a little more than a century and a half, these feeble colonists in the new world startled the sovereignties of the old world, by the bold declaration, that man is capable of governing himself! That truth, born in heaven, and which men now call self-evident, was met by the mother country, with a seven years contest in which the mighty powers of the English empire were turned upon her children in the desert, with the purpose of crushing out every vestige of a principle, destined to lift man to a political and social condition more befitting his immortal intelligence. But then as always, a righteous principle was more than a match for the madness of a blind and selfish tyranny, that would chain the very genius of liberty to the car of a miserable dynasty and make her mission among men a failure forever. Here was a "new world" which Providence had designedly hidden from the knowledge of the old world. He had reserved it, a home for the free. When the time came, it was colonized by a people whom He sent hither to make the glorious experiment of

man's capability of self-government. The very enunciation of the divine truth, that "all men are born free and equal," provoked the ire of Britain and brought down upon this postulate the maledictions of her boasted civilization. She hastened to bring her moral and military power to bear with crushing force upon three millions of people, who had the temerity to proclaim such a principle in the ears of men, whom monarchs had so long ruled. But what were British cannon,—what are any cannon,—when aimed at an immortal principle? When that nation declared war against this truth, then God manifested Himself, "a man of war," in its defence. He used the armies of the Revolution as His instrumentality for overcoming this opposition. The struggle was a triumph, and the infant Colony of England became the model Republic of the world.

America was destined to be a great central power, whence were to radiate to the ends of the earth the light of religion, of freedom, of a progressive civilization whose elevating influences are to pervade all nations, until every degraded people shall rise and claim and hold the prerogatives of that manhood which the

Creator made the inheritance of the human race. In all this, God reveals Himself, "*The Prince of Peace*."

Eighty-five years elapse and the three millions of people become thirty millions;—thirteen States are increased to thirty-four; and then, at the very moment, when the colossal Republic is towering to the heavens, in the majesty of its unrivalled greatness, a political frenzy seizes upon a portion of the people, and they make bare a suicidal arm, in an attempt to do, what all the powers of earth combined could not effect;—to put asunder that which the Almighty had joined together: Union and Liberty;—to destroy this glorious structure,—to bring to an ignoble end this great nation, and in the face of all the world to proclaim the experiment of a free government, a failure! There was only one hand that dared to do, or that could hope to do a work so purely fiendish, and that was the hand of *treason*. No power outside of ourselves, was mighty enough nor malicious enough, to make even the attempt. To overthrow a government, bought at the cost of our fathers' blood, and that government the best below the skies;—a government on which hung

the hopes of all the oppressed of earth, whose benign influences, moral and political, were reaching every land, and everywhere softening the severities of monarchical rule, and lifting the degraded into a condition of self-respect and self-reliance;—to demolish such a government was a crime too monstrous, for any brain to breed, which was not thoroughly poisoned with treason. But wicked as was such a conception, and desperately wicked as was its expression in open rebellion, the crime was shaded by a deeper dye, when all this iniquity was avowedly done for the purpose of perpetuating the abomination of human slavery:—to make indelible the only dark blot upon the escutcheon of the country,—a constitutional condition, as inconsistent in a land of liberty, as it is inhuman in a Christian country.

For the first time in the history of the world was a rebellion inaugurated and prosecuted for the overthrow of a national government, without a single alleged grievance; for however pulpits and printing presses may have uttered unwelcome truth, the *Government*, which these men in arms were striving to destroy, had never done them or their institutions any wrong, for this reason, if for no other, that it had been from

the beginning essentially controlled by themselves. On the contrary, it had sternly carried out its ordinances, even when they were made needlessly offensive, as in the case of the fugitive slave law, which was enforced in the streets of Boston.

This was not a conflict to test the relative strength of two great parties, contending for supremacy. No. The blow which traitors struck was aimed at the very life of Liberty,—it was rebellion against freedom. The embattled hosts of loyal men fought for the very existence of the Republic; it was an issue of national life or death, since the right of secession once conceded, would become the fact of national destruction. Here was at stake all, and a great deal more, than was secured by the "Revolution." Could there be any question, on which side that God would be, who gave the gift which men were madly seeking to destroy? As He was with us in the contest for obtaining our independence, so surely would he be to us, in the fraternal strife for its preservation, "*a man of war.*" That His hand would be seen in the conflict, was at the outset, the confident expectation of enlightened faith. In this struggle, God had a purpose, which at the beginning, no

man was wise enough to discover; an end beyond the breadth of the broadest horizon of our hopes. All events were ordered by Him, in respect to it, so that all things should so work together as to demonstrate in the final consummation, that He is "*The Prince of Peace.*"

The war had scarcely begun, when "the drapery of invisibility seemed to drop away from the arm of Omnipotence, and that uplifted arm was made bare." These deluded men were allowed, in the perverseness of their passion to put themselves upon the record, before the world, everlastingly in the wrong, by firing the first gun in open assault upon the government to which they owed allegiance. The orderings of a gracious Providence were most marvellously indicated in the first naval engagement of the war. When the *Merrimac*, mailed in her iron might, swept down upon our wooden navy and sent our ships of war to the bottom of the sea, and had returned to her moorings only to rest for the night, to renew her work of destruction in the morning, a tiny *Monitor*, built in opposition to naval wisdom, came in the silence and darkness of that memorable night, when nobody had sent for her, and nobody

expected her,—and in the light of that morning, which was to have been the doomsday of the American Navy, and perhaps of the American Republic, she met the monster,—silenced his guns, and sent him home a cripple for life, and won a victory which in an hour, revolutionized the entire naval science of the world. Then again, this same Providence permitted our first battles on the land to be disasters. Sad to us, only because, we did not, and could not look upon the contest with the eye of Omniscience, in that far sweep, which saw the end from the beginning. "Bull Run" was the best "run" our troops ever made; but for that "run," we should never have had the well disciplined army we did have, and to-day, instead of sending soldiers to their homes, the government might have been summoning fresh recruits to the field. For the first two years our armies were repeatedly defeated. These defeats cast a gloom over the land and saddened patriotic hearts. But suppose, in place of defeats, we had gained victories, and had compelled men in rebellion to lay down their arms, we should have had a peace which would have amounted to but little more than a cessation of hostilities. Defeated, but

yet unconquered,—subdued, but not exhausted,—smarting under the chagrin of disappointed ambition, with feelings of hostility burned into their very bones,—with slavery, the great cause of all their trouble, having its roots as deep in the body politic as ever, these enemies of the Republic would have lived only to nourish their wrath, and the nominal peace between us would have proved but a treacherous truce, to be soon broken, when another intestine strife would have drenched the land in fraternal blood. Victories at that early period, would have been sad calamities, to our cause. This was God's judgment and so He withheld from us almost all success, in the first stages of the war. We were striving to quell the rebellion and to restore political peace. God, as "a man of war" was conducting our cause, for a very different purpose, which we had not the wise forecast to see. He intended to give us peace, by wiping out the sin of slavery. He suffered us to meet disaster after disaster, until the Government was compelled to adopt as a purely war measure, what at the outset nobody dreamed of as entering into the issue. No sooner was the proclamation of liberty to the captives flashed forth in letters of

lightning over the land than victory began to crown our arms, and success followed success in such bewildering rapidity, as to make the loyal mind well nigh forget that it had ever been saddened by the reverses of defeat; and when the amendment of the Constitution was adopted by Congress, and submitted to the people, by which slavery was blotted forever from the Magna Charta of our liberties, then it was, that victories perched upon our banners at every point, and conquests were made, without the shedding of blood. The armies of the West, under the sturdy and strategic Sherman, marched unmolested through the heart of the enemy's country, and turned an active campaign into a holiday excursion; and then one stronghold after another surrendered, until Charleston, where this rebellion was born,—a city that had boasted so much and threatened so much,—surrendered without resistance, intimidated by the shadow of Sherman's army marching by, a long distance off. And finally, the famous General Lee felt constrained to surrender to the patient and persistent General Grant, what there was left of his once powerful army of Virginia. But the climax of conquest was capped, when last of all the Confederacy

herself, in the person of her fugitive head, was overtaken in ——— disguise and compelled to surrender to the authorities of the Union; and before the country was fully aware of it the rebellion had been subdued and the war was ended.

Who cannot see, in all this extraordinary history of a few months, the hand of that God, who deals with men, as "a man of war," that He may secure for them the blessings which He has in store for them, as "The Prince of Peace."

Again. Why was it, that no force by land nor by sea for four years could take Fort Sumter, and yet, when it fell, it fell without a fight? Why, but because God had decreed, that as the striking of the Union flag of that fort indicated the beginning of the rebellion, so should the raising of that same ensign of liberty, by the heroic hand that was compelled to haul it down, signalize to the world, that the rebellion had ignobly ended where it ingloriously began.

The apparent causes of the non-success of the Union arms, for the first half of the war, are not a few. I shall not attempt to enumerate them; I will allude to but one. At the outset

we had no great captain. There was one, and him, the hand of Providence concealed from public view, until the nation was ripe for victory. For two years the Government were engaged in the business of "prospecting," in search of a Lieutenant-General, at an immense cost of treasure and blood. The people had not yet learned, that *Generals*, like poets, are *born* not *made*. They did not appreciate the fact, that military genius does not come to a man, either in his commission from the President,—nor in a presentation-sword from his friends,—nor is it wrapped up in the resolutions of popular assemblies, which resolve a man into a hero, before he has led an army into battle. Until all this was thoroughly unlearned,—until the nation had paid their tuition in the school of experience, by the expensive instalments of repeated defeats, did they find what they were looking for. Then it was that Providence brought to the front a very modest man, who knew two things, very important for a general to know: *first*, he knew how to get a victory; and *second*, how to use it, after he had gotten it;—and General Grant became the Lieutenant-General.

The hand of God as "a man of war," was moreover seen in this contest, in that He allowed the struggle so to open as to make the loyal States a unit, by annihilating that spirit of party politics on which traitors counted so confidently, as a contribution to the consummation of their treason. The first gun at Sumter, while it startled the North into consciousness of a terrible reality, acted as an electric spark, which set on fire the rubbish of political divisions, and united all men who loved their country more than they loved their party, in one solid phalanx of patriots, for the preservation of the Union. Then again, repeated defeats in the beginning, while they induced a better discipline in the army, produced in the people a truer and deeper sense of dependence upon the wisdom and power and goodness of God, and made the nation a praying people. All these things were elements necessary to a complete and enduring success, and they all are seen to proceed from the dealings of that God who is "the Giver of all victory."

To the surprise of ourselves, and to the surprise of the world, we find this rebellion, which for magnitude has no parallel in history, suddenly and completely put down, so that to-day there is no

sign of an enemy in arms, from one end of the land to the other. Domestic tranquillity again reigns in our borders. Peace is once more at home in the heart of the Union,—in the Old Union, as our fathers handed it down to us. So sudden and so complete is this consummation, that we find it difficult to realize the fact that this bloody work is ended, and soldiers are on their way from their camps to their homes. The most sanguine had only dared to hope for *ultimate* success,—some two or three years hence, and then by such slow degrees that it would hardly be known when it was fully achieved. But under God, the genius of Grant had so arranged matters, that when the enemy should be conquered he should also be exhausted, and consequently the necessary collapse was instantaneous, and left a wreck behind, hardly big enough to supply the natural demand for the relics of a war that has numbered its victims by the hundreds of thousands. Had the enemy been conquered without being exhausted, our peace would have been longer in coming, and less complete and stable when obtained. In this we see one strong reason why the Almighty allowed the contest to continue so long.

But whether we appreciate the fact or not, the rebellion is ended, and the sunlight of a glorious peace, with its innumerable blessings, is beaming to-day upon the length and breadth of the land. The war-cloud has broken and retreated from our sky. Its *distant* thunders, even, are no longer heard. That same unchangeable God, as "a man of war," who four years ago called this nation to "beat their ploughshares into swords," and stand by the Republic, to-day, as "The Prince of Peace," bids us turn our "spears into pruning-hooks, and our swords into ploughshares," and practice the lesson of brotherly love, and the arts of peace.

But not alone in and by the war do we see distinctly the hand of a Divine Providence. We behold it as manifestly, in the time and circumstances of the commencement and continuance of the war. Why did not the secession of South Carolina thirty years ago precipitate upon the country the "great rebellion?" Why the long delay? Evidently, that the time might come when the country should have the men and the means of prosecuting its suppression to a triumphant issue, with the surest success, and with the least possible oppression to the people. And so God held back the conflict until science had furnished facilities

whereby one man could do the work of ten in the cultivation of the earth, that nine might be spared for the army, without diminishing the productions of the country;—until the time had come for unlocking the gold mines of California, and opening the hidden fountains of oil, so that the wealth which the Divine Hand had laid up in the bowels of the earth would supply the place of that "cotton king" who had lost his crown;—until the population had increased to such a degree as to give its armies an overwhelming strength, in point of numbers,—a population that could keep the census of the war-age good, in spite of the drain made upon it by the fortunes of war; so that in regard to its effect upon the population, the contest might go on without limit. Then again, during these four years the crops were abundant, so abundant that we could supply all our own wants, without borrowing, buying or begging of our neighbors, and have a surplus wherewith to feed the starving subjects of that country, who was furnishing our enemies with "aid and comfort." That the United States should send bread to perishing Irishmen for their preservation, while Englishmen were sending arms to our enemies for our destruction, is indeed sublime, —but it is providential.

The sovereignty of the Divine Wisdom is moreover seen in the universal disappointment of human wisdom, in almost every particular. At the beginning of the strife, many at the North thought that it would be suppressed in a few months; but we were mistaken. The sanguine at the South supposed that their independence would be secured without the shedding of blood, and they were disappointed, — very much disappointed. They predicted a division at the North, and there was amity. They foresaw bread riots in our cities, and there was more bread than men to earn it. A commercial crisis was predicted as a certainty by men at the North, and the South, and in Europe, —a calamity that would come down upon us with a crash that would bury pretty much every-body in its ruins; and yet the four years of war have come and gone,—peace is here,—our ships of war are dismantled and our soldiers mustered out of service, and the crushing crisis has not yet got along, and very few are now foolish enough to venture a guess as to what time people may look for it. Again, and worse, our enemies gloated upon the fiendish anticipation, that the fevers bred in their tropical atmosphere would annihilate the armies of

the North, reared under colder skies. But New Orleans was as healthy as Boston.

Patriots at first looked only for peace, and fought only for the integrity of the Union, and with this were content. But when that peace came, it brought with it not only the unity of the Union, but the liberty of every bondman in it; and here was indeed a glorious disappointment. And when loyal men looked for the end with an assured confidence that it would ultimately come crowned with success, they hoped to gain it only by gradual advances, persistently disputed, and finally protracted by a guerilla warfare which might last for years; and yet it comes, complete almost in a single day, so that at this hour, there is scarcely such a thing as an armed man anywhere to be found in rebellion against his government; and here, too, is another happy disappointment. Surely in view of all this, we may exclaim: "God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor are His ways as our ways."

The South has been disappointed in the loyalty, the power, and the prowess of the North. Europe has been disappointed in the marvellous strength of the Great Republic, in the stability of its institutions, in the abiding patriotism of its people, in

the extent of resources which enabled the government to carry on a war of such gigantic proportions, without borrowing a dollar from abroad, and to come out of the contest a stronger nation than when it went into it. They have been disappointed in that quality of American character by which a free, intelligent citizen readily becomes the best soldier in the world.

All this shows how completely we, and all we had, and all we did, were but instruments in the hands of that God who, as "a man of war," ordered all our doings, for the furtherance of His own great purpose as "The Prince of Peace."

The trials of this struggle are known in part. They have passed into history, and we shall henceforth realize them only as things that were, from which we are daily receding. The cost, the fearful cost of our triumph, no human arithmetic has numbers to express. This sacrifice of the best life of the land admits of no valuation. The price has been paid,—cheerfully paid. Hallowed forever be the memory of the men who gave their lives to their country, and plunged their friends into sorrow, to save the Republic. All honor to the brave soldiers who have come home, and are coming home, to enjoy the fruits of what their arms, under

God, have secured for us, for the world, and for themselves. Multitudes of them return with impaired health, many with maimed limbs, and bodies covered with scars, whose presence will serve to remind us what our restored Union has cost.

The results which will follow this glorious issue as its legitimate consequence, can only be fully developed in the process of time. Yet some of its fruits may be immediately seen.

By this triumph of the government, has been determined forever the question of the right of a State to secede from the Union. It had been settled before by the Courts, and by Congress. An appeal was made to the fearful arbitration of arms, and the judgment is, that this government is not a copartnership of States, but a compact of the people, one and indivisible.

It has fixed the penalty, which they must pay who shall hereafter lift their hands for the overthrow of this Republic. Rebellion is a sin which has ever been signally punished by the Almighty. It cast an angel out of heaven. It drove Adam out of Paradise, and turned that Paradise into a penitentiary for all his descendants. It hung Absalom, David's favorite son, from the limbs of an oak. It sent Judas headlong into hell. It has

made the name of Benedict Arnold a stench in the nostrils of every generation. It has desolated with fire and sword the beautiful country of the men, who have been the last in the catalogue of those who have made the fearful experiment of committing it.

This issue has demonstrated to ourselves and to the world the true nature of our democratic institutions,—that our fathers were not guilty of the suicidal folly of making provision in the constitution of the country, for its own destruction; that this government, though free, and deriving its power from the people, can only be abrogated, as monarchies are destroyed, by the violence of a successful revolution.

Another fruit of this great victory has been the effectual and entire removal of the sole cause of the war; and which has ever been a source of local discord and division, lying beyond the reach of national legislation,—the blotting out of a stigma that cursed the people while it disgraced the nation. It has done for the South what will prove the greatest political blessing they have ever had, in relieving them from a burdensome evil; in opening for them a new industrial era, wherein labor is made honorable, inspiring a new spirit

of enterprise, which will develop the marvellous resources of wealth that have lain so long buried in the bosom of their rich heritage.

The result of this contest has placed the United States among the foremost powers of the earth; it has given it the best navy in the world, and has matured a military force second to no other; and developed resources of strength, which secure for the country a standing that will command the respect of those nations, who though boastful and overbearing toward weaker powers, take counsel of their fears, in the presence of superiors, and have a profound regard for those who have the means of commanding respect.

Moreover, this grand achievement of loyalty over rebellion, has imparted a new impulse to the cause of civil liberty which will be felt to the ends of the earth, and has sent a thrill of good cheer to the heavy hearts of the oppressed, who are sighing for their political freedom. It has demonstrated to the potentates of Europe, that a popular government is stronger than a monarchy in dealing with a formidable rebellion, and the best soldiers in defence of a good government are its intelligent citizens;—that a

Republic has an inherent power to preserve itself, which does not belong to the throne of a King,—thereby postponing indefinitely the ill-disguised hopes of crowned heads, for the speedy downfall of democracy.

This war has taught the old world new lessons in naval science. It has demonstrated that wooden ships of war may not only pass formidable forts with impunity, but may stop on their way, and compel casemated castles to surrender;—it has taught them that their own boasted navies are useless in a contest with a nation provided with that marvellous invention, which this war has produced in the form of "*Monitors*."

Another and a very different fruit of this war has been the development of the principles of Christian philanthropy, in a form which the world never witnessed before. Millions of dollars have been cheerfully contributed by the loyal people of the North, for the relief of the sick and wounded on the field and in the hospitals. The organization of corps of men who followed the armies, by the appointment of Sanitary and Christian Commissions, to do the work of a magnificent charity, was one form of Christian civilization, to which a fighting world had never been

accustomed. This fraternal strife, bloody beyond precedent, has furnished an illustration, paradoxical as it may seem, of an extraordinary development in the earnest activities of the principles of the Gospel of Christ, in such labors of love as were never witnessed on any field of battle before, for the mitigation of its terrible sufferings.

Another result of this rebellion, diverse from any yet noticed, is the creation of a national debt, which within certain limits is a national blessing. A large debt, whose interest would not be oppressive, serves to bind the citizen to the government by linking his interests to its life, and so strengthens mightily the cords of a man's patriotism.

And finally, this four years of domestic strife has materially increased among the people a practical belief in a Divine Providence. Surely what all men have seen, most men will believe.

But with the return of peace and good order, there are dangers and duties, from which we may not, even in our rejoicings, turn away our thoughts. We are now to encounter the perils of peace. When the country is in distress there is harmony of purpose and unity of action, and the spirit of willing sacrifice among the people, for

the common good. During the storm men stand by each other, and they stand by the government. The spirit of selfishness and ambition and avarice are essentially shut out. On the return of prosperity, these evil spirits are very apt to come home again, and bring with them other spirits viler than themselves, and drive out of men's hearts, the more ennobling sentiments of a pure patriotism. Money-getting, office-seeking,—party-planning, are prone to displace a supreme desire for the public good. We may well dread the disastrous influence of the return of such concomitants of a state of public peace and universal success.

Having demonstrated to the world, with what marvellous facility we can convert citizens into soldiers, and become a mighty military people,—how easily we can construct a navy superior to any afloat;—having inspired our young men with a fondness for military glory, there is danger, lest in questions involving our relations with other countries, we be not patiently wise to exhaust all the powers of diplomacy, before we resort to arms for the adjustment of our differences, and so rush into a disastrous foreign war, with no justifying cause.

There is danger, too, that forgetful of our past terrible experiences, absorbed only in our personal pursuits, crafty men through the corrupt alliances of party intrigue, may undo much that has been already done, and involve us, if not in a civil war, yet in a political strife which is closely akin to it.

We have, in this sunshine of returning peace, new duties,—national duties,—which as good citizens and abiding patriots, we cannot with safety neglect, involving the future welfare of the country, and the cause of freedom throughout the world. We are surely bound to make the most of what has cost us so much, in promoting the principles of enlightened liberty and an elevating civilization. We should act at once upon the fact that the civil war is ended,—that there are no rebels in arms,—that no part of this great continent is an enemy's country;—that all men who have taken the oath of allegiance are our fellow-citizens;—that this whole country is one,—and this whole country is ours;—that the Southern States are ours and the Northern States are theirs, as of old. Our duty as citizens and as Christians is to live as becomes such a condition; to cultivate the pursuits of peace, the amenities

of good neighborhood, the restoration of mutual confidence, the promotion of fraternal kindness and a national good will in the revival of commercial intercourse and the cheerful interchange of friendly offices, and thus hasten the healing of wounds, which, though they have ceased to bleed, have not ceased to smart, and for a long time will be exceedingly sensitive.

We can afford to be just in the punishment of crime, and it is our duty to stand by the Government in its infliction; and we can also afford to be magnanimous in the pardon of the penitent. We have shown to the world what we can do in trial; let us now show to the world, what we are capable of in triumph.

But this year of Our Lord Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-Five, and which completes the two hundred and twenty-seventh year of the organization of this Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, has been made memorable in history, not only by the sudden and complete suppression of the Great Rebellion, but by the commission of a crime that hardly has a parallel in the annals of a fallen world.

While the country was rejoicing, as it never rejoiced before, over victories which were sealing

the doom of the Confederacy;—amid the shouts that shook the land at the downfall of the rebel Capital and the surrender of its chief General with all his army, the nation was plunged into the depths of a grief which it never knew before, by the murder of the man whom Providence had made the leader, to carry the country triumphantly through her great trial. It is not for me to pronounce the eulogy of ABRAHAM LINCOLN; that has already been done by an abler pen than I can ever hope to hold. In his first election,—in his re-election,—in his sudden death, we behold a manifestation of the same Providence which has guided the affairs of the Republic during this eventful struggle.

Before the war, who, had he known what were to be our national troubles, would have gone to a remote town in Illinois, and selected Abraham Lincoln as just the man to conduct the nation through this terrible crisis? And what true patriot, what real friend of humanity and freedom would have chosen any other, could he have seen the end from the beginning? So plainly did Providence make that wisest selection for us, which we were not capable of making for ourselves.

There were qualities in his character, which singularly fitted him for the post, where Providence placed him. He was distinguished, first of all, for common sense and uncommon honesty. With a clear head, a warm heart, a tender conscience, a strong will, a homely manner and a firm reliance on a Divine Power, he entered upon a position, the weight of whose difficulties and responsibilities, has rarely, if ever, rested upon a mortal, and which he could not share with another. Clothed with almost the absolutism of a Dictator, he was throughout rather the exponent than the leader of the public sentiment.* He was content to shape his policy, from day to day, according to the nature of circumstances, and to

* The honesty, patriotism and moral courage of Mr. Lincoln were remarkably exhibited as combined in a single act. During the political campaign in the summer and autumn of 1864, the want of military successes had greatly depressed the people. Mr. Lincoln had been nominated for re-election. A popular candidate had been put in nomination against him, supported by a strong party. The army needed men. Volunteering had nearly ceased. It was evident a draft was inevitable, and must soon be made. But a draft in the present state of the public mind was an unpopular measure. The election was close at hand. The argument of policy was not to order it, until after the election, as it might hazard Mr. Lincoln's success at the polls. All this he overruled, and listened alone to the voice of patriotic duty, which bade him order a draft. He did it. The language of this act was this: "The country needs five hundred thousand new soldiers. It shall have them. I may lose my election by it,—but the country can better spare me from the Presidency, than it can spare these soldiers from the field."

advance with the indications of the public will, rather than to hew out with the sword, the plan of his own personal preferences.

That a man could stand at the head of the National Government and conduct its affairs, with no larger experience as a Statesman,—with no precedents for his guidance,—with beacon lights all put out, and in this darkness to steer the Ship of State upon the stormy sea of such a rebellion, for four years, and at the expiration of that period be re-elected by an overwhelming majority, is such a verdict as will fix forever, the judgment of the world, as to his title to a true greatness.

That such a man, with a nature charged with a measure of kindness, which was enough to disarm the basest of all hatred,—at such a time, when the great conquest had been already won, and a returning peace promised him a repose which he had not known since his inauguration, should be stricken down by a cowardly assassin, is one of those inscrutable providences, which mortals may not fathom, and yet are permitted for ends, which are equally wise and good.

He fell at the very acme of his glory. Had he lived, he could have risen no higher. It was

for another hand to guide the nation in the new trials of peace.

The blow was felt by every heart, and for the time at least, it annihilated all political differences,—and the whole nation wept. Its effect abroad has done much to excite sympathy for the United States, on the part of those nations, which during our long and terrible struggle strangely withheld it.

There is somewhere in this dark event, as there has been in all others, a blessing, which will abound to the best welfare of the Republic.

Foreign nations cannot fail to have discovered in the occurrence of this great crime and calamity, how deep are the foundations of a free government. Its Chief Magistrate is murdered,—the people are stricken with the intensest sorrow,—the whole country is excited to the utmost degree,—consternation is seen in every countenance,—and yet the government goes on, in the serenity of its own inherent majesty, as if nothing had happened to disturb any power in it. Its functions are not suspended for an instant, nor does the public administration so much as feel the jar of the President's fall. Could this be said of the mightiest monarchy of Earth? Is there a single

strong nation in Europe who would dare to make the experiment?

But the last year has been marked in the calendar of time by the death of another. Since you celebrated your last anniversary, one of your honorary members,—America's greatest statesman,—has finished his course on earth.

On a Sunday morning, as the sun was coming to his rising, the immortal spirit of EDWARD EVERETT forsook its tabernacle of flesh,—passed the gates of paradise, and stood in the presence of its God. At home and in his chamber,

“Like a shadow thrown
Softly and lightly from a passing cloud,
Death fell upon him.”

With scarcely a premonition,—

“His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay:
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A deserted ruin lay.”

Rarely does God raise up a man whose life makes almost every other life a debtor.

From the beginning of his college career in childhood, to his dying hour at seventy-one, his life presents a continuous line of light, whose early promise brightened into brilliancy long ere it

reached the meridian of years, and increased its intensity as it approached the horizon of its course. Always among the foremost, he held the lead through life, and never was found unequal to the occasion, whatever it might be; ever and everywhere the same eloquent orator, finished scholar, consummate statesman, and Christian gentleman.

But early as Mr. Everett began to grow in the public view; rapidly as he advanced in everything which he undertook; long as he lived, the favorite of a prevailing political party; high as he stood at the university, in the senate chamber, in the cabinet, or at a foreign court, he never reached the full stature of his noble manhood, until he became a private citizen. When, without civil authority, without political honors, he stood before the world as EDWARD EVERETT, then there was upon him the mantle of a dignity and a majesty which he never wore before. There was then nothing for the eye of passion or prejudice to dwarf or to distort. Then his countrymen and the world surveyed him in his true proportions. Mr. Everett out of office has shown how little a really great man depends upon the precarious accidents of political distinction for that position which will make him truly eminent.

As soon as he was released from the harness of a public life, he entered upon labors all his own, for the promotion of ends alike philanthropic and patriotic.

But it was not until the storm of the rebellion burst upon the Republic, and the foundations of the government were shaken, and dismay filled the hearts of the people, that the man was seen in the comprehensive completeness of his character. It was just then that Edward Everett, no longer a politician, now and forever a patriot only, threw the mighty influence of the masterly powers that God had given him, into the scale of his country, his whole country, and on the side of its government. Love for the consecrated cause of liberty throughout the world was the fire on the altar of his heart, which burned to ashes the wood, hay and stubble of political differences. Under such an inspiration glowing in his heart and warming his brain, his lips uttered those noble passages of eloquent appeal, which will be read as long as the language lasts in which they were made.

Brilliant as was his course, from his boyhood at college to his manhood in the cabinet, this long career paled in the splendors of the four years of his old age.

But that eloquent voice is to be hushed in death. The music of its stirring eloquence is about to die away forever on earth. With what utterances, on what occasion, in what place, shall that tongue pronounce its closing periods to the public ear? Was there not a Providence in that ordering which made the last public words of Everett an appeal in behalf of that highest form of Christian charity, which feeds an enemy? Had he known that his end had come, could he have chosen a more fitting theme for his valedictory to the world, than a plea for that duty which Jesus has enjoined as the practical expression of our love to Him, and the only test of true discipleship? What walls but those of Faneuil Hall could he have selected to re-echo the last tones of his living voice? There is a moral grandeur in such a scene, that lifts it well-nigh above the sphere of sublunary affairs, and in the brightness of its halo the soul enters into rest.

"The dead are like the stars by day;
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the sky."

I congratulate you, Soldiers of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, on the happy return

of your two hundred and twenty-seventh anniversary; that you are permitted to celebrate it under the bright skies of peace, which are sending their smiles into every section of the land.

Extraordinary indeed have been the scenes witnessed on the annual return of this "Election Day," during the two centuries and a quarter which have come and gone since this Company received its charter. The record, if we had it, would be alike strange and instructive. But we need go no further back than four years to note a transition that seems more like a dream than a reality. The regiments now passing through our streets are no longer on their way to the battlefield, followed by the hopes, and prayers, and tears of weeping friends, but they are marching home to the embrace of endeared ones, waiting to greet them with a love that never dies. This "Honorable Artillery Company," "Ancient" as it is, never saw such a day as this before. I feel it to be an honor to be officially connected with the celebration of such a day in the calendar of your old age.

I congratulate you that your Company has been so well represented in the armies which have won imperishable laurels in the defence of the life of liberty, as it is enshrined in the heart of this Great

Republic; that the loyalty of the sons has been worthy of their sires.

The steady maintenance of a military organization for more than two hundred years, cannot have failed to exert a very salutary influence, in the promotion of a healthful and correct military spirit, which is essential to the peace of the community and safety of the country. God works by means, and by human means,—and military organizations is one of them,—for the punishment of the evil-minded, and for the promotion of good order and good government, and the preservation of human rights. As long as the world is as wicked as it is, we cannot live without such an organization, any more than we can live without jails and judges, jurors and gibbets.

But God is not always to be "a man of war." His reign as "The Prince of Peace," long ago began. Let it be the chief purpose of your life to be found, at the great review of the universe, at the last day, in the ranks of that consecrated host, whose Great Captain is the Son of God, whose battle-flag is the "Banner of the Cross," and whose trophies of triumph are the glories of Heaven!

TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SEVENTH

ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

THE Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, of Massachusetts, celebrated its Two Hundred and Twenty-Seventh Anniversary, on the first Monday in June, (being the fifth day of the month,) A. D. 1865; by a parade, dinner and the usual exercises upon the Common. The weather was auspicious, and the programme of the day was successfully carried out. It is pleasant to record the spirited celebration of the anniversary of so time-honored an organization as this. The past and the present are thus joined by a living interest.

Its history is almost coterminous with the settlement of the city; but still retaining the vigor and spirit of its youthful days, undisturbed by other organizations, scores of which have risen and passed away, it is to-day, unchanged by wars and revolutions, still maintaining its ancient dignity and respectability, and bids fair to live and flourish for many centuries to come. The Company numbers many of our distinguished citizens on its rolls, and many gray hairs and gray beards were visible in the ranks, while the uncovered heads in the church, showed marks of age, which, in connection with the mature forms of most of the Company, present

a striking contrast in comparison with our younger military organizations.

Soon after sunrise, the usual matutinal parade, continued from the old colonial days, was made by the fifers and drummers of the corps, and among these were the veterans, Si Smith and Dan Simpson, who have served in this capacity for many years.

The Company assembled in its armory at 7, A. M., where breakfast was partaken of. At 10 o'clock the line was formed and, accompanied by Gilmore's fine band, composed of thirty-six musicians, wearing the elegant and appropriate new uniform presented to them by the merchants of Boston, marched up State Street, with Captain James A. Fox, as commander. There were about two hundred and fifty in the ranks. The Company reached the State House at 10½ o'clock, where the distinguished guests were received, and then proceeded to attend Divine service at the First Church in Chauncy Street. The galleries of the church were occupied by ladies, and the body of the house reserved for the "Ancients." Captain John Green, as Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements at the church, acquitted himself with his customary ability.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

AT THE

FIRST CHURCH, CHAUNCY STREET,

ON THE

CELEBRATION OF THE 227TH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,

JUNE 5, 1865.

I.—VOLUNTARY ON THE ORGAN.

II.—TE DEUM.

III.—SELECTIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

IV.—ANTHEM.

GO FORTH TO THE MOUNT.

V.—PRAYER.

VI.—HYMN.

INVOCATION.—By REV. T. J. GREENWOOD.

Air—*Old Hundred.*

Thy throne, again, great God, we seek,
To bend in trusting, grateful prayer;
For Thou art strong, while we are weak,
Though clad in armor we appear.

Thy hand has led our Nation on,
Through scenes of peril and of strife;
And gladly we Thy goodness own,
Preserver of our Nation's life!

From foes without, and foes intern,
Thou hast imparted kind release;
And now our altar fires may burn
With tokens of returning peace.

Smile, gracious God, upon the rite
That consecrates the hour to Thee!
Make us to see Thine arm of might,
In all our glad prosperity.

Let sweet remembrance bless Thy ways,
Though darkened scenes our course has known,
And make our Nation's future days
More radiant from Thy Holy Throne.

Let Peace henceforth her sceptre sway
O'er all the sections of our land,
While Union, Freedom, Right shall say,
"God moves us by his high command."

VII.—SERMON.

BY G. M. RANDALL, D. D.

VIII.—A NATION'S PÆAN-PRAYER.

BY REV. T. J. GREENWOOD.

AIR—*Wreaths for the Chieftain.*

God of our Fathers! while blessings, abounding,
Flowed through the land of the prospered and free,
Songs of Thanksgiving the heavens resounding,
Rose on our voices in gladness to Thee.
Sire of our Nation! thy love-breathing spirit
Was shed richly down in bestowment of good,—
For Thine was the gift of the land we inherit,
And foes from without by Thy might were withstood.

We've knelt at Thy throne, when the war-tempest, howling,
Swept over the land in contention and strife;
When madly the demon Rebellion was prowling,
And seeking to rob us of National life.
We've clung in our hope to the land Thou hast given;
The Flag of our Fathers above us displays,—
Begemmed with the stars which came smiling from heaven,
Our baldrick of UNION, in glory to blaze.

We've prayed for the patriot fire from Thine altar,
Which burned in the breasts of our Fathers of old,
That, braving the storm, not a spirit might falter,
Till Union and Peace should our nation enfold.
Rebellion now powerless our land to dis sever,
Our States shall re clasp in the power of their pride;
Almighty the voice which commandeth forever,
"What God hath made one, let not mortals divide."

One prayer more we lift, O thou God of our Nation!
'Mid anthems of triumph, exultant, to Thee!
That, like as it was at the dawn of Creation,
Our STARS sing *together* the joys of the Free!
Sleep ever the spirit of civil commotion,
Let true hearts supply what but hands coldly gave,
That, grandly aloft, on a Nation's devotion,
The Flag of our Union forever may wave.

IX.—BENEDICTION.

ANNUAL DINNER AT FANEUIL HALL.

At the conclusion of the religious services, the Company proceeded to Faneuil Hall to partake of the annual dinner, arriving there at half past one o'clock, passing down State Street on their way.

The tables were set on the floor of the hall, as usual, and presented a most attractive and tempting appearance. The bill of fare included the choicest dishes which could excite the taste of an epicure; the display of flowers was profuse, the tables being literally covered with elegant bouquets; the antique punch-bowl on the platform was imbedded in flowers, and its appearance formed one of the most delightful features of the occasion.

The gas-pillars on either side were also elaborately trimmed with flowers, of variegated hues, and the aspect of the whole platform from the main hall was of the most brilliant description. It would be difficult to decide whether Mr. L. L. Tarbell, the caterer, (a member of the Company,) exhibited more taste in decorating the tables than skill in the culinary preparations. Both were all that could be desired, and Mr. Tarbell deserves the credit of having prepared the best dinner which the members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company have enjoyed in Faneuil Hall for years. It was a feast complete in all its appointments, and its perfect arrangement indicated that Mr. Tarbell is thoroughly conversant with all the requirements of such an occasion, and knows well how to put his information to practical use. Unlike many previous repasts of the Company, this one was, literally and truly, a "hot dinner." Gilmore's band occupied the gallery, and interspersed the entertainment with delightful music.

At half past two, the Company, having left their arms and more cumbersome equipments in the upper hall, marched in and took their places at the tables, and the Divine blessing was invoked by Rev. Mr. Wilde, of Salem. Without further invitation, each man reached forth his hand for what suited him best, and a brisk attack was made upon eatables and drinkables. The waiters were kept hard at work as foragers, but the supply was equal to the demand. After a contest of nearly an hour, there came a lull in the strife, when Captain Fox once more requested the Company to come to order, and addressed them as follows:—

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN FOX.

Gentlemen of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company:

Through your kind partiality in electing me to the honorable position of commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, it is my distinguished privilege to preside over this, your Two Hundred and Twenty-Seventh Election Festival. And yonder dial, admonishing me that "time gallops withal," will soon indicate the hour that should be devoted to the last, but not the least important duties of the day. I allude to the ceremonies attending the election and confirmation of your officers for the ensuing year, who, by the liberal privileges conceded to you in that revered charter of 1638, under which you still exist and flourish, "are to be such as you shall choose, and the court and council allow of, and no officer to be put upon you but of your own choice." It is time, then, being satiate with corporal nutriment, that we enjoy that intellectual food with which the "Ancients" are wont to regale themselves, knowing that such "makes good digestion wait on appetite."

Before, however, I proceed to that portion of my duties which requires me to draw out and spread before you that

"feast of reason and flow of soul" with which this side-board is so heavily laden, I desire to thank you, and in this presence, for the honors you have conferred upon me,—honors perhaps not the due of one who, devoid of the many qualifications so necessary to a successful commander, can only offer instead his military services with this Company, the militia of the State, and the volunteers in the field. Doubly grateful, therefore, am I, for your generous consideration. I thank you also for your kind support and assistance during the past year, both officers and men. *With* it I have been enabled to conduct the affairs of the Company to the present moment with gratifying success; *without* it I should have utterly failed. Permit me also, gentlemen, to offer my congratulations, *first*, that your two hundred and twenty-seventh anniversary finds you stronger and more vigorous than ever; *secondly*, for the great accessions to your roll; and *thirdly*, that your funds, under the watchful care of your excellent finance committee, are increasing. Your prosperity is evidenced by this splendid parade, and the general interest manifested in the ceremonies of the day. Thus let it ever be with the Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, organized eighteen years after the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers, around whose graves we gathered but a few months ago, when on our visit to the Old Colony, where, in sight of the rock of Plymouth, and the sounding sea, that sings its constant requiem over the last resting-place of Massachusetts' great statesman, we vowed to ever imitate the sturdy justice of the Puritan, and the unwavering devotion to the nation inculcated by the defender of the constitution. In your origin almost coeval with the foundation of the Town of Boston, and the University of Harvard, let us now also vow that this glorious trio

shall never be dissevered. For near two centuries, this ancient Company was the sole military school in the country, and furnished officers who defended the feeble colonies against the ruthless savage. Its earlier members were also engaged in the old French wars, our Revolutionary contest, and on every occasion since when national principles were settled by the sword. In our last dreadful trial, when for four long years the blood-red hand of civil war was laid heavily upon the nation, one hundred and fifty members of your Company buckled on their armor, and fought the good fight. Some are still with the gallant armies of the Potomac, the Cumberland, the James, or the Gulf. Some have returned to us unscathed, others bearing honorable scars; the precious remains of some have been brought tenderly home, and alas! some will return to us no more; the strange, wild flowers of a southern clime will bloom forever over their unknown graves,—ever green be their memories. But there is one flattering unction, gentlemen, that we can lay to our souls, and it is this. Unlike the military school situate among the beautiful highlands of the Hudson, *no* graduate from your military school ever proved recreant to his *alma mater*, by joining the traitorous enemies of his country.

And now, gentlemen, let all congratulate each other that this fearful civil war, waged so persistently and bloodily, has at length, under the Providence of God, been brought to a close; that the strong hand of the nation, acting through the persistent Grant, the brilliant Sherman, the dashing Phil. Sheridan, the sturdy Thomas, and all the other heroes down to the humblest private, has punctured this bubble confederacy, till, like "earth's bubbles," it has "vanished into the air." And when we look for the incar-

nation of all this wickedness, the "head and front of this offending," we are led to exclaim, with the ambitious Thane of Glamis, "You should be woman, and yet your beard forbids me to interpret that you are so." O, how bright are the heavens above us now, and how dark and almost rayless one year ago. The last struggle in the Wilderness of Virginia had then begun, and the whole people looked on with mingled hopes and fears. We stood enveloped in the dark clouds of war like one upon our New England "misty mountain tops." We saw not the rising sun, as it lifted its head above the eastern billow, for the smoke of sanguinary conflicts enshrouded it. As victory after victory was vouchsafed us, the clouds opened in patches, and revealed glimpses of peaceful landscapes; and then, with the intelligence that the rebellious armies were overthrown, the clouds melted away into thin air, enabling us to discern, by the strong glare of the sun of peace, which lighted up hill and valley from horizon to horizon, and from the lakes to the gulf—a country saved. May we not, then, sounding the familiar "home call," say—

"Come home, ye veterans; welcome, welcome home!

'Come,' say the lips of mothers and of wives;

Your children's joyous voices echo, 'Come!'

We thank the God of battles for your lives:

And now, the morning, dawning on the night,

Breaks in the future, beautiful and bright."

At the close of his address, which was frequently interrupted by applause, the commander called upon Adjutant Eustis to read the first regular toast, which was as follows:

The President of the United States—Chief magistrate of a Government tried in the fiery furnace of war, and found the strongest power on earth.

Rev. T. J. GREENWOOD, of Malden, was called upon to respond. He said he did not rise to speak as the eulogist of the man who holds to-day a position of responsibility which is enough to weigh down the mightiest mind in the land. He who has fallen before him by the assassin's hand, and whose successor he is, although called upon by Divine Providence to lead this country in the inception, and almost through a civil war, whose gigantic proportions towered above any war that has ever cursed the earth,—even he did not enter upon a position of responsibility deep and abiding as that which rests upon the man who has been unexpectedly called to administer the affairs of the nation. It were comparatively an easy task to counsel in the ways of war, when in every breast the spirit of patriotism burned; but now, when the strife has ceased, there comes the work of weaving the web of peace, of soothing the angry passions, of allaying the feelings of strife, and of cherishing the institutions of our country. To administer faithfully, justly and mercifully our laws, there devolves upon the man who leads, a weight of responsibility no mortal lips can speak. He believed Divine Providence had called the President thus unexpectedly to power, because he was the man who, by large experience and lofty patriotism, was destined to fill the place of him who fills a martyr's grave. [Applause.] He must go counter to all the principles of his nature, to all the principles of politics which he has cherished, if he fails to exert all the energies of his soul in so administering affairs that the country shall speedily, calmly, unitedly settle down one and forever indivisible. It was the duty of all good citizens to stand by him in his purposes, while he is true to the Constitution of the land. [Applause.] He closed with the following sentiment:—

Our Company, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery—During the past year it has been ours to enjoy a glorious fox-chase, and even the victim is rejoiced to-day, that so many of us are in at the death. [Applause.]

The second regular toast was then read :—

The Memory of Abraham Lincoln—Second to none that ever lived as a pure and honest Patriot; modest, strong and great—dear to every loyal heart.

Rev. WILLIAM S. STUDLEY, of Boston, responded as follows :—

Mr. Commander,—If what has been said of Andrew Johnson be true, and if it be glorious to have such a President as he, what was our privilege to have a man like Abraham Lincoln! the first choice of the people of the United States on two consecutive occasions when he was presented for their suffrages. The toast that has been presented to you, though it names many of the excellencies of our President, failed to name one, the most prominent of all his characteristics, which was his loving nature, embracing as it did not merely his own, but all the land; embracing not merely those who voted for him, and placed him in the Presidential chair, but, reaching far down below the higher stratum of society, brought up into our notice and affection those who had been long degraded and oppressed, and gave them liberty, and what we hope they will possess, citizenship under our glorious flag. [Applause.] I certainly had not the least suspicion of being called upon to speak on this occasion, and I certainly would not have the presumption in this presence, and after the discriminating remarks which have been made by the preacher of to-day in regard to Abraham Lincoln, I would not have the presumption to stand here and attempt to add one word to what has been

said; but I have been commanded to come here, and you know what the command of the Captain of the Company is. [Applause.] I do not propose to keep you one moment from the intellectual repast which is to follow, but I merely propose to drink in silence to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, and say with the poet—"expressive silence muse his praise."

The toast was drank standing, after which the band played a dirge.

The third regular toast :—

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts—First in War, Education and Industry—God bless her.

Adjutant-General SCHOULER was called upon to respond, and was received with cheers and applause. He accounted for the absence of His Excellency the Governor, although he thought an apology was scarcely necessary, the Preacher of the Election Sermon having so well set forth the work to be done now at the close of the war; a part of which work the Governor had been engaged in for several weeks past at Washington. He congratulated the corps on their appearance, and said that such gatherings as they had on their anniversary, and such as the Cadets had on the occasion of the escort of the Legislature to hear the Election Sermon, were of excellent effect on the military feeling in the Commonwealth, and the institutions of the age.

The fourth regular toast was received with laughter, cheers, and "Home, Sweet Home," from the band, viz. :—

The City of Boston—Steadfast to law and order, it needs no Metropolitan Police to govern it.

The following very excellent letter from his Honor the Mayor, explained his absence:—

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL, }
BOSTON, June 5, 1865. }

To Captain JAMES A. FOX, Commander of the Ancient and Honorable A. Co.:—

Dear Sir:—I regret that I shall not be able to be present at your festival to-day; but I desire to congratulate you and the members of your corps on its present condition and prosperity. I rejoice that this time-honored anniversary, like that of the Commencement of our ancient University, is still commemorated and kept up as a public holiday. These days call us back to the early times of the Colony, and bring vividly before us the memory of the Fathers; and prove, by the interest which is taken in them, that we of this generation have the same ideas of what is essential for the safety of a free Commonwealth,—the education of the people, and their instruction in the manual of arms.

Our nation is so young that nearly all our national and local anniversaries are recent in their occasions; and hence it is well that we should keep at times in remembrance, those exceptional events which carry the mind back to the far distant past. Your history is honorable as well as ancient. Upon the roll of your members for upwards of two centuries, have been written the names of the foremost men of their day and generation,—eminent in Church and State. I trust that your institution will long keep on its successful career, and ever be worthy of its past renown. The events of the last four years have spoken more eloquently than words of the necessity of a military force for the preservation of the liberties of the Republic. It has not been your privilege as an organization to meet the rebel foe in deadly conflict; but many of your members have, and as a representative body you have a right to be proud of the distinction which the soldiers of Massachusetts have achieved during the war.

With the hope that your present occasion,—uniting the duties of

the citizen and the soldier,—may be agreeable to all who participate in it, I have the honor to remain,

Yours, very truly,

F. W. LINCOLN, JR.

Alderman and General JOHN S. TYLER was called upon to respond to the fourth regular toast. The Company received their veteran past commander with hearty cheers, the band playing "Auld Lang Syne." On behalf of the mayor, he made a pleasant after-dinner speech, expressing the idea that the Ancient and Honorable Company was the city of Boston itself. He said the country called now for good citizenship as well as good soldiership. He gave as a sentiment in closing:—

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company—They guarded the cradle of liberty before the infant was born; they sustained it in its days of adversity—it will be found alongside that cradle as long as the country lasts.

Fifth regular toast:—

The Chaplain of the Day—A "right guide" for all of us.

To this Rev. Dr. RANDALL responded, expressing the pride he felt in the honor conferred on him. He alluded humorously to the young appearance of a corps which had lived two hundred and twenty-seven years, and then referred to the great influence for good the Company had exerted; for when fifteen or twenty years since there was no military spirit among the people, a great change had been worked by this corps alone. It was well known that in those days a merchant looked with suspicion on his clerk who belonged to the militia, but now that was changed, and he was glad

of it. He said the Ancient and Honorable Artillery had, for years, nurtured the military spirit of the Commonwealth, and had shown its loyalty by the devotion of its members to the service of their country.

He closed with the sentiment:—

The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company—May its honor and its antiquity hereafter as heretofore, go on together, until the Profession of Arms shall be lost in the universal reign of the Prince of Peace.

The sixth regular toast:—

The Clergy—Teaching us our duty to God and Man, they have buckled on the armor of Gideon and fought a good fight.

Captain Fox called upon the Rev. Dr. S. K. LOTHROP, of the Brattle Square Church, to respond. He was greeted with applause, the band playing "America." He spoke of the pride the clergy felt for the connection between this Company and the clergy, from the earliest days, when they were side by side the supporters of the colonial polity. So far as their duties went, he believed the clergy had done theirs thoroughly. These occasions he knew were conducive to the increase of good citizenship, of reverence for the past, of high patriotism, and tendency also to lift up the thoughts of all to the God of the fathers who instituted this corps. The history through which it and its country had passed was a proof of the direct interference of God in the affairs of men. The Divine hand had unmistakably and openly been with us through all our past, not the least plainly displayed in the events of the last four years. Dr. Lothrop gave as a sentiment:—

Every member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company—May he be a man having such fear of God that he fears nothing else.

The seventh, eighth and ninth regular toasts were next announced, as follows:—

The Army has spoken for itself—Such noble heroism never was known before on earth.

The Navy—Their genius has taught the world a new lesson in naval warfare,—their deeds have made the mother country be still and admire.

The Massachusetts Volunteer Militia—Laughed at in its infancy, but was a healthy child, and in the spring of 1861, proved itself a full grown man. Don't ever let it grow old and feeble.

These sentiments were responded to by Brigadier-General COWDIN, in a brief and pleasant speech, and "Red, White and Blue," from the band, after which three cheers were given for General Cowdin.

Tenth and last regular toast:—

The Ladies—Far more beautiful has been their conduct than the example of Roman or Spartan mothers; language never can speak their praise.

Captain Fox called upon Adjutant WILLIAM T. EUSTIS, who responded as follows:—

Mr. Commander and Gentlemen:—I thank you, Sir, for giving me the honor of saying a word in answer to that sentiment; but as it justly says "language never can speak their praise." In all past anniversaries of this corps, since I have been connected with it, I never heard a toast to the ladies; but it seems to me eminently proper that we should remember them now, for who, during the past four cloudy years has done more good than loyal American women? Hardly one here at the North that did not have some loved

one in the field,—and how often has that “Soldier boy” been cheered by words of love from wife, mother, sister, or friend, and with those words were often sent home-comforts, made doubly sweet by thoughts of the loving hands which prepared them. I need not assure you, Sir, that it warmed their hearts and strengthened their arms to strike a harder blow at treason, for we both have felt their influence. How often on the bloody field or in army hospital, has a woman’s tender hand soothed a dying hero, or by the same tender care has raised him up from the verge of the grave, to live and enjoy his laurels so justly won. Thousands and thousands of the brave boys saved would speak much more fittingly than I can, and would add a hearty “God bless the loyal women of America.”

When appeals have been made for sick or wounded, woman’s hand has been prompt to perform it. Through Sanitary, Christian, and private sources, have their love-offerings gone out and done their needed good. I would be the last to deprive the boys in blue of a single laurel, so dearly won; but I would remind you of the power and motive behind, which prompted them to such noble heroism. To the strong hearts and hands of our army and navy, with the loyal acts and efforts of women, are we indebted for a *conquered peace* to-day, and I will only add, as an earnest wish:—May we ever be governed for good by the purity and love of woman.

Rev. Mr. GREENWOOD then offered the following sentiment, which was responded to by general cheers and applause:—

Our retiring Commander—Hereafter, when men shall look upon him, whether as now in the prime of manhood, or whether he shall wear the honors of old age, it will be their glory as members of this Company, to point to him and say:—“There goes the old fox who never turned tail to duty.”

The Company then returned to the upper hall to resume their marching equipments.

LETTERS.

The following letters were received from gentlemen who were invited to join in the festivities of the occasion, but who were unable to be present:—

[From Admiral S. H. Stringham, U. S. N.]
U. S. NAVY YARD, BOSTON, COMMANDANT’S OFFICE, }
June 2d, 1865.

Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to be present at the celebration of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company on Monday next, and regret that my engagements on that day will prevent my acceptance.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. H. STRINGHAM,
Rear-Admiral.

JAMES A. FOX, Esq., Commander A. & H. A. Co., Boston, Mass.

[From Hon. John G. Palfrey.]

JAMES A. FOX, Esq., Commander, &c., &c., &c.,—Dear Sir,—Your obliging note of invitation came to me two or three days ago, when I was in the midst of the disorder incident to moving out of my house, and thus got mislaid, and remained unanswered. I am much indebted to you for the honor of this attention, but regret to say that, several days before receiving it, I had already made an engagement for Monday afternoon.

With high respect, your obedient servant,

JOHN G. PALFREY.

JUNE 3, 1865.

[From Col. J. D. Graham, U. S. Engineers.]

Boston, June 12, 1865.

Sir,—My absence from the city from the 29th ult. until yesterday, prevented my receiving, until this moment, your obliging invitation to me to be present at the celebration and dinner which took place on the 5th inst., in commemoration of the 227th Anniversary of the organization of the Ancient and Honorable Company of Artillery. I regret very much that my absence prevented my acceptance of the hospitality thus tendered by your corps, and my participation in the highly interesting ceremonies of the occasion.

Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

J. D. GRAHAM,
Colonel of Engineers, U. S. Army.

JAMES A. FOX, Esq., Commander, &c., &c., &c.

[From Paymaster John A. Bates, U. S. N.]

U. S. NAVY YARD, BOSTON, May 31, 1865.

Sir,—I have received the invitation of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to be present at the celebration of their 227th Anniversary on Monday, 5th ult.

I regret that my absence in New York at that time will prevent my acceptance of your kind invitation.

With much respect, I am, your obedient servant,

JOHN A. BATES,
Paymaster U. S. Navy.

Capt. JAS. A. FOX, Commander A. & Hon. A. Co., Boston.

THE ELECTION UPON THE COMMON.

The exercises at the hall having been brought to a close, the commissioned officers were armed with the spontoon or badge of office, and the chief of sections with the ancient halberd. The Company was then marched to the Common, with Adjutant-General Schouler under escort, who officiated at the election in the absence of the Governor. The customary salute of artillery was fired by a section of Captain Warren French's Light Battery, under command of Lieut. Baxter, as the Company entered the parade ground, which was surrounded by a large throng of spectators. The traditional exercises of review and drum-head election were duly executed, and the following named gentlemen chosen to office for the ensuing year:—

Captain—Colonel JOSEPH L. HENSHAW.

First Lieutenant—Lieutenant WALDO ADAMS.

Second Lieutenant—Colonel H. C. BROOKS.

Adjutant—Captain EDWARD WYMAN.

First Sergeant—Sergeant E. W. DAVIS.

Second Sergeant—DAVID F. MCGILVRAY, Esq.

Third Sergeant—Lieutenant A. N. SAMPSON.

Fourth Sergeant—JAMES H. RIST, Esq.

Fifth Sergeant—GEORGE S. WALKER, Esq.

Sixth Sergeant—JOHN BOTUME, Jr., Esq.

Treasurer and Paymaster—Captain JOHN G. ROBERTS.

Clerk and Assistant Paymaster—GEORGE H. ALLEN, Esq.

Quartermaster—Captain CHARLES S. LAMBERT.

Armorer—Sergeant CHARLES C. HENSHAW.

After the election, Captain Fox advanced to the Adjutant-General,—Gilmore's band playing the "Bold Soldier Boy,"

—and delivered up his spontoon and commission. In doing so, he referred with pride to the improved condition of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, from increase of both men and money, during the brief year he had had the honor to command it. The duties of the year had been performed with uncommon spirit by the members of his command, and to them he was wholly indebted for the successful results. He requested General Schouler to report to His Excellency the Governor, the condition of the Company, as evidence that he had fulfilled the promise of the previous year, and discharged the duties imposed upon him with faithfulness.

General Schouler, in accepting the delivery of the badge of office, replied to Captain Fox briefly, and in substance as follows :—

“When, but one little year ago, you stood upon this very spot, and received from His Excellency the Governor, this emblem of authority, investing you with the command of the ancient Company that stands before me, I well knew that any promise of faithfulness in the discharge of the duties of the office made by you would be fulfilled, for I knew you as one who had been before tried and found worthy. You had been long and favorably known to me in connection with the militia of the Commonwealth, and above all, as one who stepped forward in our most trying time as a nation, in 1861, to show to the world that our militia was no holiday organization. You served, with honor to the State and yourself, in the campaigns of 1861 and 1862, in Virginia, and the perils you there encountered, the wearisome marches, the dangerous picket service, and all the incidents to active service, entitled you to my confidence. I shall take great pleasure in reporting to His Excellency

the admirable condition of your command, and my general commendation of your services throughout the year.”

At the conclusion of these remarks, Captain Fox returned to the rear of the Company, to the music of the drum and fife, where the usual auction was held, and the equipments of the late commander were bought at a very low figure by aspiring members of the corps. Colonel Joseph L. Henshaw was then inducted into the office of commander for the ensuing twelve months, by the Adjutant-General, with appropriate remarks, the artillery firing a salute, and the Company presenting arms. The other officers elect were also commissioned by the Adjutant-General, and the non-commissioned officers by the new commander.

The column then marched to the State House, where General Schouler and the invited guests were left, with the customary ceremonies, after which the battalion marched through Mount Vernon, Temple, Cambridge Streets, Bowdoin Square, Court and State Streets, and Merchants' Row, to Faneuil Hall, where a sumptuous supper awaited the arrival of the Company, to be disposed of. Thus ended the Two Hundred and Twenty-Seventh Anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

MEMORY

OF THE

HONORABLE EDWARD EVERETT,

Preacher of the Election Sermon, 1821:

Honorary Member of the Company, 1836.

At the first regular meeting of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company for the year 1865, held at their Armory, Monday, April 3d, the attendance being very large, the following Resolutions were passed:—

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from this life the Honorable EDWARD EVERETT, an honorary member of this Company,

Resolved, That the members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company are deeply sensible of the loss they have sustained in the death of Mr. EVERETT, whose great talents, varied and exact learning, unsurpassed powers of oratory, and wide-spread reputation, reflected the highest credit upon this country.

Resolved, That as members of this community we lament the loss of a citizen of unblemished integrity, of superior accomplishments, and elegance of manners, who, by a long career of public service and literary pursuits, won the position of the first citizen in the Republic.

Resolved, That the members of this Company sympathize with the bereaved family of the lamented deceased, and that the Commander be requested to forward a copy of these Resolutions to the family.